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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1433.

Choice Poetry.

THE WINTER BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMALINE EVANS.

The winter bird sung in the storm,
'Mid the swirling winds and rain,
He clung to the edge of the elm thicket,
And chanced my search of pain.

Like unwound to me like the starry day,
'Tis the winter bird woke his trumbler
Against my window pane,
Where the rain came streaming down,
As the sighing branches leaned amain,
I spied the songster brown.
With a trusting coo, but a gleaming eye,
His song rose clear, 'neath the storm's wild sky.

Bright thoughts of the sweet spring-time,
Oh, not one ray of my mind—
For the winter bird's song was sacred inter,
Pay parts of one perfect whole—
And I saw the sun shine on a leafy bower,
And shook the dew from the early flower.

All through that long dark day,
The hearty music did cheer,
I thought of the songster's lay,
And the shine grew bright once more.
When thy heart's deep fountains are darkly
at rest,
List! for the song of the winter bird!

December 30th, 1848.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

BY T. B. READ

Ancient road, that woeful deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Thou'rt not trodden on the crowded market
Like a stream without a sail.

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years ancestral and vanish,
Like the whirl-winds of autumn.

Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed years,
But I miss the crowded concludes,
And the driver's bright-berries—

Miss the crowd of jovial countenances
Filling benches at the wells,
Or the cheer voice from Corner,
And their orchestra of bells.

To the ear my way-side treats
Comes the sound of a funeral knell,
Where the gay shall sing,
Ringing, mournful, at the door.

While thrilled deserted tollman
Waiting for one who pass
Reads the melancholy story
In the thrilled mourning grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquished
The ancient of the vale
Cycle in thee, woe-smile,
Hesitation on the gate.

Thou art vanquished and neglected
For the good which thou hast done.
Trying to be more to be forgotten,
But I miss the crowded—

Miss the cheer voice from Corner,
Still I pray that my decease
May be through no vanish'd virtue,
And to leave a stain to thine.

Pictures of Life.

THE NIGHT WATCH. A TALE.

News, fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.—*King John.*

On a cold December night, in the winter of 18—, four gentlemen were seated in the parlor of a member of an old gentleman in one of the crooked streets at the North End of Boston. This was in the former times the most fashionable part, the court end, as it were, of the town, and the house in which I spend the night was the residence of one of the old colonial governors, and has been traces of its former magnificence, now almost effaced by the ravages of time and neglect.

It was a dark and tempestuous night. The wind howled mournfully through the narrow streets and around the tall houses of the North End. The rain fell in occasional gusts, were almost wrapped their garments tighter about them, and hastened their footsteps to their destination.

Within doors the aspect of things was more cheerful. An old-fashioned wood fire burned brightly on the hearth, the heavy folds of the crimson curtains excluded every breath of cold air, and the social conversation of the gentlemen party were distributed through the apartment. The company, consisting of myself and three female friends, were drawn closely up to the cheerful blaze, apparently as comfortable as possible. The cause of our meeting there was that a neighbor, one Mr. Helger, had died very suddenly the day before. He had formerly been very wealthy, largely in trade, but meeting with reverses which soured his disposition, and cast a shade of gloom over his character, he had withdrawn entirely from the world, and lived all alone by himself in this large house. We, being neighbors, had called upon him in the course of the morning, and was the cause. The room in which we were had been the apartment of the deceased, and was fitted up with much taste, and even luxury, but all the rest of the house was bare and unfurnished, and was shunned by neighbors to be haunted. The corpse was placed in a room across the entry, so that we could hear a noise or disturbance if there should be any. Refreshments had been provided, and we had eaten, and were in the most sociable comfortable, and easiest conversation, and seldom ourselves until morning should relieve us from our watch.

The time flew by very quickly in pleasant chat, and when, during a lull of the storm, we heard the neighboring clocks on the steeples of the North Church strike the hour of twelve, we were all surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"I'm now the very weakest time of night,
When conscience is awake, and iniell breathes
On contagion to the world."

said I; "can't some of you ladies tell a genuine, old-fashioned ghost story to while away the solitudes? Surely, Mrs. Johnstone, you must know one; you always have plenty of interesting anecdotes."

The lady addressed thought a moment in silence, and then replied, "I will tell you a ghost story, and a true one, too, though for its reality for the incident happened to myself. It was a good many years ago, but it is as fresh in my memory as if it took place yesterday. A ghost-story, told by one of the actors in it, would not fail to be interesting; so we draw our chairs nearer the fire, surround a harrowing silence, and I thus begin:

"You must know, in the first place, that I was married at a very early age, and a year or two after, left my native town, Salem, to follow my husband to live in the interior of Vermont. The country was then settled at that time, being mostly covered with unbroken forests. I felt the change of situation very keenly. I had lived all my life in the midst of a large city, surrounded by a numerous family of brothers and sisters. We had gone into society a good deal, and had been in the habit of seeing many people, and engaging in all the amusements of the day. My present residence was in the midst of dense forests, the next neighbor lived ten miles off, and the nearest town was on the Connecticut, more than ten miles from our farm. The house stood on one corner of the clearing, not more than a hundred yards from the woods, through which, on snowy nights, the winds howled in a mournful and sad manner. In winter the deep snows cut off all communication with the other parts of the country, and sometimes we did not see a soul, for months. To this lonely spot I had removed, after having always been accustomed to the noise and bustle of a city, and it was not strange that it should seem gloomy to me.

"One day in autumn, in the month of November, I think it was, my husband told me that he was going to take his men and go over to the next town for some necessary articles, and he was afraid that he should not be able to get home that night. So away he went, and left me all alone in the house, with the exception of my infant child. I had brought a black woman with me from home, but the change of situation did not agree with her. She had been taken ill, and had died about a fortnight before the time of which I speak. On account of the difficulty of procuring servants, I had not been able to get another woman to supply her place, so I was entirely alone.

"After supper I sat by the kitchen fire some time, till at last I dropped asleep in my chair. I was awakened by the shrill sound of the tall, old-fashioned clock, striking the hour of ten. The candle had burnt low in its socket, and the expiring embers diffused a faint glow through the room. I jumped up, rubbed my eyes, and prepared to go to bed. I took the light and was leaving the room, when somebody knocked at the outside door of the house. I was a little startled at any one should knock at the door at that time of night, but presently I thought that my husband had changed his mind and returned home after all. I went and opened the door, but nobody was there. I shut the door, rather surprised, and sat down by the fire.

"To commence my story closely, you must know the area garment of the room in which I was. On one side was the door leading into the open air, on the opposite side the door leading to the parlors, etc. On the third side of the room was the fire-place, and on the fourth, the door of a bed-room, in which black Cato, my late lad slept, and where, as I have said, she died a fortnight before. This door was a little open. I went and shut it, and had hardly done so, when the knocking was repeated with startling distinctness, and a moment after I heard the door of the bed-room slowly open, and retreat. I was again in the door and look out, but, as before, I could see no one. I then shut the door of the bed-room and latched it fast. I began to grow frightened, for I could find no one who could have knocked at the door, nor could I account for the mysterious opening of the bed-room door. All the stories of ghosts and witches that I had ever heard came into my head, and hundreds of ungary horrors beside. I made up my mind, however, that it was all fancy that the knocking was real, and that I had heard through the fumes of the tall trees. To my excited fancy cried, they looked strangely and differently from the same appearance by day. The dim light of the waning moon, which was half occupied by the morning clouds that were rolling by, and the sound I saw something moving in the deep shadow of the trees. I shuddered and closed the door. I felt really sleeping in his side, but I was afraid to go to bed, for I knew that I should permit an evil spirit to work its will with me. I sat down by the fire, and tried to read, but my thoughts and amusement as that little child. I endeavored to calm my mind by the reflection that I had always treated the poor, wretched man with kindness, and if it was really her ghost that was haunting the house, it would not injure me. I was thus busy with my reflections, when I heard some one walking in the room above my head. I sprang up, and was about to rush out into the open air. No one was in sight. There was a storm coming up, and the wind howled mournfully through the branches

did not ask for it; Mr. Prantley pressed it upon him. Why, oh! why has he done this?" Her face was of deadly paleness, and her lips quivered as she spoke—but she shed no tear.

"Why, as for that, that ere's no concarn o' mine," the fellow answered, "but dooty is dooty, you know. And seein' as 'ow Muster Benson ain't in, why I'll wait till he comes." So saying, he deliberately seated himself.

"Wait here, will you!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, in tones of anger, "there's two words to that business, man. This is my house, or my husband's, which is the same thing; and wait here you shan't, so take yourself off. Mr. Benson, you see, is not here—so go, go at once."

"Hello! hold 'oman!" said the bute, totally unmoved, "you seems to be in a pretty sort o' a tantrum—wot concarn is this ere o' yours?"

"What concern is it of mine! eh!" repeated the landlady. "You brute, do you think I'll stand by and see a good, kind lady like this, frightened by such a beastly, ugly oaf as you. Go out, I tell you—you've no right here. I know something of your dirty business. My husband was once a constable himself, but he would have been ashamed to frighten a poor, lone woman, who has seen better days, in this brutal, cowardly manner. Get out, you beast, you had better, I tell you, before my husband comes home."

"I shan't stir my stumps, hold 'oman, for all wot comes out of your ugly mug. That for your 'usband"—was the constable's answer, and he accompanied his tone of contempt with a smart snapping of his fingers.

Mrs. Williams was almost stifled by her passion, but she would again have assailed her contemptuous opponent, if Mrs. Benson had not, in her turn, interfered.

"Stop, my dear Mrs. Williams!" she said to her apart in a voice of entreaty, "stop, I beseech you; it will do no good to anger the man. Let me speak to him. My good man!"

[...]

The constable, entirely awed, obeyed, but muttered something about being hindered in the performance of his duty, damages, &c. Williams paid no further attention to him, but re-entered the room.

He found Mrs. Benson in tears, with his wife and the little girl standing close by her side, endeavoring, the one by her affectionate caresses, and the other by her well-meant sympathy, to console her in her distress. The tender heart of Williams, for tender it was, though cased in a rough and hardy casket, was moved by the tears of his lodger, and he hastened to impart such consolation as he might.

"Dear lady," he said, "do not afflict yourself:—the matter, I hope, is of no great consequence. We are all liable to misfortunes, and, God knows, wife and I have had our share; so we can feel for you and yours. Try and tell me what all this is about, and we'll see if it can't be settled."

"May Heaven reward you!" replied poor Amy, "I cannot, save by my thanks."

"That's more than enough," said honest Williams. "It's our duty to help each other—so wife and I at least think. But come, come;—I know something about this fellow's business. Heaven help me, I had to take to the dirty work myself once, but thank God, we're better off now. So, ma'am, let me know all about it, if you please."

With her heart somewhat relieved by the sympathy of these simple but kind-hearted people, though still dreading evil for her husband, Mrs. Benson related the morning's occurrences to her kind hosts. They listened in astonishment to the apparently inexplicable conduct of Prantley, and for a time were sorely puzzled to account for it; but Williams had seen much during his short service as a bailiff, of the evil workings of the human heart; he was an observant man, and he soon solved the difficulty to his own satisfaction.

[...]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 30 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

ENGLISH CRITICISM.

Mrs. Kirkland, in a recent article upon the manners and customs of England, and their contrast with our own, draws a comparison which contains as much truth as humor. Speaking more particularly of the causes of the dislike towards America so general among all classes in England, save the most intelligent, (we do not mean the highest in rank,) she says that besides certain more serious causes of dislike, "and leaving out of the account youth, prosperity, fame, growth—we have a vast number of petty successes to answer for,—rivalries in inventions, improvements, commerce, navigation—everything which contributes to the material greatness of nations. To England we seem to be rioting in all the insolence of youthful strength, while she is conscious within herself of the symptoms of decadence. The curiosity, the vivacity, the activity, the restlessness, the forwardness, the want of reverence for age, [...]

FREE POSTAGE FOR FREE MEN.

We mentioned last week, that newspapers were carried *free* by the mails in Great Britain; we were uninformed at that time, that such was the law in any other country. But it appears that even Brazil—one of those South American States which we are in the habit of holding up in unfavorable contrast to ourselves—is ahead of us in this respect. Since November last, newspapers printed in Brazil pay no postage—and even foreign papers, directed to public libraries, are subjected to no charge. In view of these facts, is it not disgraceful that the United States, a country the very existence of which depends upon the dissemination of knowledge and the universal mental culture of its people, should levy a tax upon the chief reading of nine-tenths of the community? It is time for the Public and the Press to open their eyes.—Instead of *cheap* postage on newspapers, let them demand *free* postage. We suppose that not more than one-half of the families in the Union take a paper—strike off the enormous charge for postage, enormous when compared with the *prices* of papers, and there would be very few families that would deny themselves the weekly or daily visits of such a guide, instructor and friend. No further reduction can be made in the subscription prices of papers—they are now down so low that it is questionable whether the change will not have to be in another direction. At the present rates at which the Post is furnished to Clubs, nothing but a prodigious increase of circulation, the strictest economy, and prompt payment, can enable us to realize a living profit. Therefore no further reduction in the cheapness of papers, can be looked for from publishers. But the substitution of the free postage system of Great Britain and Brazil for the present heavy rates, would enable millions who now are without a paper, to introduce the great Educator of the nineteenth century into their homes. Then truly might it be said, that the schoolmaster was abroad; and the consequences would be perceived, in a few years, in a general increase of intelligence, a general improvement of modes of living, a better selection of public servants, a wiser and more stable public policy, and in short, a general advancement in all those respects which make a nation prosperous and happy at home, and influential and respected abroad.—From this day henceforward, therefore, we fling our banner to the breeze, inscribed no longer with the petty demand of Cheap Postage for Newspapers, but with the nobler motto, FREE POSTAGE OF NEWSPAPERS FOR FREE MEN.

THE OLD TIMES.

The Washington correspondent of the Evening Bulletin, of this city, lately favored that journal with a number of extracts from the Proprietary Laws of the Province of Maryland, enacted between the years 1696 and 1732. As there is a constant tendency in the human mind to undervalue the Present at the expense of the Past, we thought we would lay a few of the more curious and barbarous of these old laws before our readers; and in this way let in upon their minds a glimpse of the social state of a hundred and a hundred and fifty years ago. We do not suppose that all the colonies had exactly similar laws to those we quote; but we have no reason for believing that the people of the province of Maryland were much behind their neighbors generally—making of course an exception for the province of Pennsylvania, [...]

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

According to the London papers, a new mode of producing light by means of electricity has recently been invented, which bids fair to completely banish oil and lard, supplant gas, and abolish almost entirely the reign of night—illuminating the darkest midnight with a radiance as of noonday.

This wonderful light is generated by a battery of 64 plates, of the dimensions of a yard and a quarter. It is self-regulating, being fully equal to gas in this respect, and so cheap that a light equal to to that of fifty wax lights can be furnished for one cent an hour. It resembles a jet of the most brilliant and vivid fire, about the size of the burner of a common argand lamp. The outer shade at an exhibition of it being removed, a glass vase, about two feet in height and six inches in diameter, of an arched shape, and on a metallic plate, so that no air could find admittance, was exposed to view. Wire, conveying the fluid, was all that was to be seen, and as the light was turned off and on the transition seemed from day to night, although there were several lighted chandeliers in the room. A single jet, apparently not larger than a star, as seen with the naked eye, made the whole area of Waterloo Place as bright as day, and enabled spectators to distinguish features and read handbills across the street. And the patentee stated that the light then exhibiting, if placed at a sufficient altitude, with the reflector above *it*, would perfectly illuminate an area of ten miles in circumference, and that it would be possible to produce a light which should illuminate an area of 100 miles. One great advantage of this light is that it is not combustible *and will not produce combustion*, it is thus entirely harmless; while being without heat, it is not so injurious as other lights to the eye. It can be conveyed by small wires from place to place.

Such is the wonderful account of the Electric Light. If it be true, the price of oil will fall, and the process of whale-extermination not go on quite so rapidly as it has done for a few years past. The gas companies also may begin to set their works in order, and, as the first [...]

AMUSING.

When a man looks through green spectacles he sees the whole world green. The Fourierites are now congratulating themselves upon the rapid progress of society toward Fourierism, because the thousands who are going to California, band themselves into companies. Wonderful, is it not? They are going in ships and steamboats, also, instead of each paddling off, Indian fashion, in his own canoe. Association is no new thing, gentlemen. Men lived in towns and villages, and formed companies for mutual advantage, before the Deluge. We are all for Association; but we have equal faith in Individualism. We will use both as servants, but allow neither to become our master. Where it is well to associate, we will associate—where it well not to, we will not.

DAMAGES.

An old lady was recently knocked down in New York by an omnibus which was recklessly driven. She brought an action against the proprietor for damages, and the jury very quickly rendered a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars.

There are old ladies that would stand up and be knocked down all day long at that price. The omnibus men had better take warning, especially if they see an old lady coming near the heads of their horses.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Grace makes a regular "ten strike" this week—she lays her riding whip over the backs of certain donkeys—one in particular—in fine style. The *public* will enjoy it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER.

THE POPE TAKING REFUGE IN FRANCE—RISE OF COTTON.

By the arrival of the Washington we have Liverpool dates to the 19th ult.

Mr. Courcelles, the special envoy of France to Rome, had returned to Paris, and reported that his Holiness had determined to take refuge in France.

A Provisional Government was about to be formed at Rome. That city remained tranquil, but it was thought that the great powers would interfere by force to establish the Pope's authority over his rebellious children.

Since the election France has become very quiet, and apparent tranquility reigns throughout the country. Confidence is being rapidly restored.

Louis Napoleon polled five millions six hundred and eight thousand votes.

Cavaignac polled one million four hundred and sixty-two thousand.

The advisers of Prince Louis Napoleon are resolved, it is said, to conciliate the moderate Republicans.

The installation of the new President was expected to take place at the Hotel de Ville, on the 24th.

Various rumors are afloat as to the future conduct of Cavaignac. Some, who believe him capable of great and noble actions, appear to think he will be one of the first to receive with sincere submission the decision of the nation, and that he will offer his services to the future President, as one of the most zealous and obedient sons of the Republic.

On the morning of the election, a deputation of Socialists and Red Republicans waited on M. Ledru Rollin, and announced to him their intention to vote for Louis Napoleon, for the purpose of [...]

[...]

chosen to remonstrate with me for my opinions upon certain moral subjects—putting their politic advisings against my honest convictions, I would respectfully say that while my soul is my own, it shall speak its own language, in the freedom which is its priceless and inalienable birthright.

I have been somewhat startled by a late newspaper-article, meant possibly to be complimentary to myself, but which is—but no matter. It was penned it appears, by one known as the "Lynn Bard." Having quoted my "Darkened Hours," he says, solemnly:—

"This is conceived in the true spirit, and executed in the true style. I shall never regret either my poetical or my prose strictures on this modern Sappho, this poetical embodiment of the genius of America, so long as I believe they have tended to awaken her feelings to the high and holy purpose of her being."

Now, I call that modest, besides being pretty considerable cool. The poet alludes, I suppose, particularly to a certain stern "ADJURATION," commencing,

"Oh, Grace, Grace Greenwood, do, for Heaven's sake,
Leave those soft, puling stories, and awake!"

upon which stormy serenade, I remember to have opened my eyes, yawned thrice, and then fallen asleep again, on the lap of Romance, to dream out a love-tale for one of the magazines.

I own to having occasionally known some rather unworldly aspirations—something like the unfurling of those immortal wings we all of us keep folded under our every-day costume—the unrest of a dissatisfied spirit. These I had supposed the promptings of my own nature, or of a higher than any mortal influence,—but I have been mistaken, it seems, and "honor to whom honor is due."

I saw "my heart's blest goal unwon,"
And like an eaglet toward the sun,
Sped forth, a higher flight begun,
That goal to win—
When lo! the light which led me on,
Was light from Lynn!

The oracles of Moll Pitcher are silent forever, but the voice of prophecy and counsel and rebuke [...]

POLITICAL ITEMS.

"We learn," says the National Whig, "by letters from Louisiana, that Gen. Taylor, will probably not leave his residence for the Capital until the 1st of February. His departure will be regulated, however, by the condition of the navigation of the upper rivers, as he purposes to pass through Nashville."

We have at last the official returns from Wisconsin, except St. Croix and La Pointe, which were not received. The vote stands thus—Taylor 13,747; Cass 15,001; Van Buren 10,418.

The Washington Union makes the following official announcement:—"We understand that a letter has just been received by the War Department, from Gen. Taylor, resigning his commission in the army of the United States—to take effect on the 31st January."

The official returns from 36 counties, in Texas, stand, Taylor 3,777, Cass 8,801—Cass's majority 5,024. From the 23 remaining counties, returns were received from 11 too late to be officially counted. Added to the above returns, the vote stands, Taylor 4,000, Cass 10,000; Cass's majority, 6,150. From the other twelve counties no returns were received.

General Jackson Morton, late a Taylor elector, has been elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Florida, (to supply the seat of Mr. Westcott.) He received the vote of eight Whigs, and all the Democrats. Mr. Ward was the regular Whig candidate.

Mr. Page, the Whig candidate for Speaker of the Kentucky Legislature, was elected on the 32d ballot. The Legislature subsequently met in joint ballot and elected Thomas Metcalf United States Senator from the 4th of March last. He now occupies the seat vacated by Mr. Crittenden.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE

George Darsie (Whig) has been elected Speaker of the Senate, and W. F. Packer, (Democrat) by aid of three Native American votes, Speaker of the House. Numerous petitions have been presented in both Houses, and various Bills reported, but nothing of much importance has yet been [...]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845.

BANK ROBBERY.

The Augusta Bank, at Augusta, Maine, was broken open at night, and bag after bag, and rolls of the following valuables packages: Thirteen square bags of silver, $500 each; six bags of silver, $200 to $300 each; package or bag of gold, $5,-412; package of specie, $1,500; package of silver, $1,000; packages of foreign bills, amount unknown, directed to J. C. Bowser, from Tiverton Bank.

A more definite statement than that given above, makes the loss of the Bank $21,262 in Specie, of which about $9,000 was silver, besides foreign bills, amounting to about $4,000, belonging to the Augusta Bank, and $8,000 in silver, principally belonging to the Tiverton Bank.

The Augusta Age says: "The Augusta Bank is situated in the basement of the new hotel which forms part of a brick block recently erected on Water street. The hotel is unfinished and uncompleted. The vault of the Bank adjoins one of the lower rooms of the hotel, and is entered through it by a brick wall one foot thick. The mortar was not dry at the time of the visit of the robbers subsequently met with. Thomas Metcalf United States, 4th of March last. He is Mr. Crittenden.

LEGISLATURE

has been elected Speaker Parker, (Democrat) by ...rson vote, Speaker of petitions have been pre... and has been reported... ...portance has yet been ... D. S. Senator ... the members.

...the special election held ... the choice of ... was as follows: King ... District; no election in ... (Penn Hall) defeated by ... Allen (Free Soil) re... by Allen; hundred ... Ninth District.

...TATION TO LOAFERS.—... Court will meet on ... December, in London, in the ... the estate of Queen ... General Taylor, ex... ...three clients.

arkets.

...IA MARKETS.

...Thursday, Jan. 16, 1845.

...There has been a moderate ... and we have to note ... has been obtained—sales ... 50,000 a 50,500 bbls. ... ...ces range from $5.50 to ... ...ly. Rye Flour continues ... ...ason.—The demand has ... 2,000 bbls at $5.62½@5.75

...last three years

1843	7-16
44,256	30,773
1844	7-16
268,451	208,000

...of Wheat continues depressed; ...ers have been dispersed, ...d good sales, mostly at ...

...Rye—The dealers are ... ...ing to the Canal, and ... ...has been in fair demand ... ...ed and Timothy—Seed ... ...ecord—week's sales 30,000 ... ...ushels at 37½c for Southern ... for Southern.

...Provisions—Pork very ... ...ly, at a sale of Mess at $15 ... ...ey are scarce, and the ... ...y esteemed, and the inac... ...ly of Lard, together with ... ...equent, with sales at Sole... ...ly, with the only ... ...ly.

...Whiskey—No purchases ... ...to be reported ... ...is demand at $67 and $68 ... ...ls, but little demand; 1,000 ... ...ght at $67 ... ...ly small sales ... ...ket three years

	36,751
	70,104
	25,000

...of Specie at Natchez ... ...and Dust at 16c.

...Anthracite are very moderate ... ...ly confined to the ... ...continue limited, without ...

...t been manufactured in the ... ...ast three years

1842	43,622
1843	47,000
1844	48,000

...of Shooting at 31c.

...The market continues in ... ...ly at former prices.

...from Boston during the ... ...9,021 pkgs, worth $6,000.

...ales of Wheaten at 33c/35c

...not supplied, but the de... ...ly limited, at former ... ...prices.

...ported for eight years

1844	bbls. 56,181
1843	94,651
1842	75,837
1841	35,000

...ere is no moderate request, ...ers for medium. To for bar... ...Domestic Fruits the sup... ...ket continues light, with ... ...ening at the highest prices. ...ged at a full price.

...On the 5th, a great variety of petitions were presented by Senators, and after being read, were appropriately referred.

...Agreeably to notice, Mr. Dix asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill to authorize a subscription for the improvement of the harbor of New York. It was read the first and second time by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

...Mr. Bedford also obtained leave to bring in a bill granting a reservation of land to the State of Alabama, for the being road now in progress at that time, it was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

...Mr. Atchison, agreeably to notice, asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill making a donation of land to the right of way for a railroad in Missouri. It was read the first and second time by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

...A number of unimportant reports were made by the Standing Committees.

...Objections were made to the Resolution of Inquiry, offered on the 4th instant by Mr. Allen, calling upon the President for any correspondence that may have been entered into, in relation to the purchase of Texas by England.

...Mr. Miller spoke briefly on the subject, when Mr. Rusk put the question, "Will the Senate reconsider the existence of such correspondence?"

...Mr. Miller—"I do."

...Mr. Foster—"If negotiations are going on, will the Senator oppose the annexation of Cuba?"

...Mr. Miller—"I will, under all circumstances, and on all occasions."

...Mr. Foote—"The Senator will then be in an awkward position to oppose the wishes of Gen. Taylor in decidedly in favor of the annexation of Cuba."

...A motion was then made by Mr. Rusk to lay the resolution upon the table. The motion was objected to, but the Senate refused to reconsider the question, and the resolution was taken up by a vote of ayes 24, nays 19.

...On motion the Senate then went into Executive Session.

...On the 8th, Mr. Houston, of Texas, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency of the Government taking a railroad for military purposes between the San Francisco, California, to Mississippi. Lies on the table.

...Mr. Hale presented a petition against the extension of slavery by the annexation of Texas, and asking slavery and the slave trade wherever Congress has the jurisdiction to be put down.

...Mr. Hale moved to receive the petition and refer the same to the Committee on the District of Columbia, with instructions to report a bill abolishing slavery and the slave trade in the said District.

...Mr. King of Ala. objected, and the motion of reception on the table.

...Various petitions of order were then discussed with considerable warmth. A vote was finally taken on Mr. King's motion, which stood yeas twenty-five, nays nineteen.

...Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, offered a similar petition to that of Mr. Hale.

...The question of reception was again raised, which resulted in laying it on the table.

...Mr. Hale reintroduced a joint resolution, directing the President to purchase a suitable vessel to be possessed in the nearest safe subject of Mexico Kingdom. Referred to the Military Committee.

...The bill previously reported relative to a system of reciprocal trade with Canada, next came up for consideration.

...Mr. Dix having stated the objects contemplated to be secured by the passage of the bill, spoke briefly but earnestly in its favor.

...Mr. Pearce said that he could not see things in the same light as his honorable friend from New York, and he therefore felt it to be his duty to oppose the passage of the bill. The advantages to be gained by the bill, were, he thought, all on the side of the Canadas. The United States would not receive a sufficient equivalent for the concessions asked.

...Mr. Hunter opposed the passage of the bill—the reasons were that its contents could not be ascertained, and while they were exceedingly injurious to the agricultural interests of the country, they were on an intricate question, involving the manufacturing interests; and, therefore, no measure could or should receive his support that would elevate one particular interest of the country at the expense of another.

...Mr. Niles advocated the bill briefly but earnestly.

...Mr. Phelps offered an amendment, to include in the bill all manufactures of cotton, leather and wool.

...Mr. Westcott, after a few remarks, announced his intention to vote for the bill.

...Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, said that the Constitution enjoined that equal duties should be imposed on all the States. The practical operations of the bill before the Senate could not be mistaken. Under this bill there would be free trade at the North, while the same trade would be taxed at the South. Under these circumstances, he felt it to be his imperative duty to vote against its passage.

...Mr. Metcalf said that the bill was partial, secret, and local, in its character, and he should vote against it. He opposed to all legislation of this kind. He concluded his remarks by moving to lay the bill on the table.

...Mr. Dix said that he was desirous of answering the objections of the opponents of the bill, and the bill was therefore passed over informally.

...After the transaction of some unimportant business, the Senate took up the bill providing for a Board of Commissioners for the settlement of private claims, in which Mr. Pettit offered an amendment to the 1st sec. of the bill, which, after discussion, opposed the bill earnestly, the House adjourned.

...On the 6th, the Speaker, alluded in the vote that has been given on Monday, on the bill in favor of compensation to Antonio Pacheco, for a slave killed during the Florida war. He said that two errors had been made by the Clerk in classifying the vote, and that the true vote stands 83 yeas to 89 nays.

...Mr. Fairfield rose to a question of privilege, and said that he voted "aye" on the bill, but that it was not recorded.

...The Clerk was directed to record Mr. Farrelly's vote among the nays, and the vote was then announced as 83 yeas to 90 nays.

...Great excitement followed this announcement, and motions of the most conflicting character were offered in rapid succession.

...Mr. Sawyer moved to reconsider.

...Mr. Collamer was desirous that the question should be debated.

...Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Rhett and Mr. Toombs interrupted the Speaker, in regard to the proper course to be pursued, and the Speaker, in a very excited position over this, losing private bill day.

...Mr. Sawyer offered a motion instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill for reclaiming slaves escaping into free States.

...Mr. Sawyer moved to reconsider for the purpose of considering this resolution. A vote was taken which resulted, yeas 87, nays 87. So the motion was lost.

...Whereupon the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, for the purpose of taking up the bill providing for the establishment of a Board of Commissioners to settle private claims against the Government.

...Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, opposed the resolution in a short but forcible speech, in which he referred to the public money, for which the people would hold their representatives to the strictest account.

...Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved that the Committee rise, which was carried, and the House went into the House again.

...Mr. Smith, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill relative to the establishment of a government in New Mexico.

...Mr. Rice spoke briefly on the bill on the table, and the usual number of copies ordered to be printed for the use of the House.

...Mr. Pillsbury, of Texas, on the part of the Committee on Territories, presented a protest against the dismemberment of Texas, which would be the case should the House pass the bill for the admission of Texas.

...The House then took up Mr. Greeley's resolution, previously offered, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury relative to information in regard to the duties imposed upon woollens, blankets, &c.

...A motion was made to lay the resolution on the table.

...The question was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative. Yeas 86; nays 87.

...A motion was made that the resolution be considered to be read, but he did not desire to charge the Clerk of the House.

...The resolution was therefore under consideration.

...Mr. Tomlin made some remarks, in which he expressed himself opposed to the resolution, and moved to refer the same to a Select Committee.

...Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, on the other hand, as he considered the message one of the oldest documents that ever emanated from the Executive Department.

...Mr. Vinton addressed the House earnestly against the doctrines set forth in the message, and the grounds assumed by the President. Briefly, but clearly, he gave a history of the various contributions imposed during the late war with Mexico. He said that the President has transcended his authority in the course he has pursued to these contributions, if he had not authorized them.

...He was interrupted in the course of his remarks by Mr. Ingersoll.

...Mr. Settle followed, approving of the views of Mr. Vinton, and thanking him for the able speech he had delivered. He was glad to see that the official reporter with severe and insurrection; but so far as he was able to observe, their reports were an accurate and faithful representation of the Athenaeum, he said, ought to be made for the ordinary consideration which is paid to the messages of a party of the day.

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Selected Poetry.

A MEMORY.

[illegible]

Oh! the memory of those days!

[illegible]

LINES,

TO ———.

[illegible]

Sketches of Travel.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

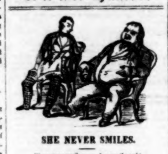
[illegible]

A SKETCH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

[illegible]

— *N. Y. Tribune.*

Wit and Humor.



SHE NEVER SMILES.

[illegible]

A GOOD STORY.

[illegible]

The Chronologist.

SCINTILLATIONS OF HISTORY.

COMPILED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWARD E. HULL.

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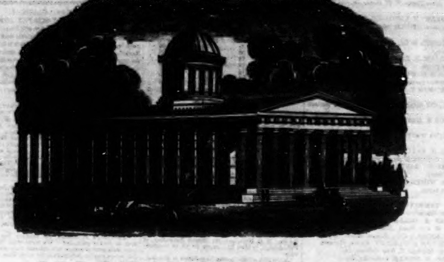
Our Picture Gallery.



THE CAPITOL OF INDIANA.

[illegible]

Lesson for Mothers.

TOO BUSY.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

[illegible]

The Old Times.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

BY MACAULAY.

[illegible]

Family Journal.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.

[illegible]

CHARADE.—[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—[illegible]

Varieties.

[illegible]

For the Young.

THE TWO FOREIGNERS.

A SKETCH FOR THE BOYS.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

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FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

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AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

[illegible]

The Olio.

THE DECLARATION.

AFTER WILLIS.

[illegible]

NEVER GIVE UP!—[illegible]

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